IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

BEAU.

CHICAGO .. (Dedicated to the Modern " Beroic" School of HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occur-rence which happened.

When I was a lad. Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,

I shall be very glad

To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter

It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darky?

Well, that, sir, is Beau,
The here who made himself famous upon that occasion,
A long time ago,
Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory

In the year twenty-fo'. Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my

father resided,
Till the day that he died,
Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable

And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide. This digression pray pardon. Twastherethat

he raised as together—
Old Beau there and me.

Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;

We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington City,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blueblood and churlish,
With arrogant sneer

For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey."
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To good him by taunts to a quarrel, to which

the young darky Very seldom replied. One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters— inclusive of Beau

And of James-to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more

severely than usual (If be could have done so).

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whis-tles and fiddles,

Which he made with his knife,

And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond A marvelous fife,

To perform upon which, to his friends' and his

delectation, Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all.

Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched.
In the tursel ensuing
Beau was rather too small;

James gave him a drubbing, and then put the flie in his pocket, Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at Our prime destination;

donned, 'twas suggested That, for more recreation.

We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion liecelved approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank executed,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down

by its corrent Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,
And with some superstition.

When, attempting to cast an unwieldly projectile into them,
James lost his position—

Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues,
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims, And none is so rash As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to

rescue,
Nor— Hold!—like a flash,
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank
—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then a dead silence.

He can ne'er re-appear:
This we know, even though he is one of the

finest of divers

To be found far or near.

Thus we wait a fall minute—another heads above water!
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is ashore;
And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar.
And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehova.
He is FREE, evermore!"

When James had recovered, he walked up to
Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered
his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war YOU I war after?" (his
hand on his pocket)—
"Twas my fife, and I got it!"
—T. H. Robertson, in Harper's Magazine.

## MISS KEZIAH'S VALENTINE.

"HE has the most angelic countenance of any man that I ever saw in the pulpit. We can but think his afflictions have been blessed to him. Poor man! with those three sweet, motherless chil-dren; my heart bleeds for him!" And as she finished speaking, Miss

Keziah Knowlton buried her face, for an instant, in her pocket-handkerchief. Kizzy, her niece, stuffed half of hers into her mouth at the same time. There was even a twinkle in the eyes of prim Mrs. Deacon Scudder, who was making a call, and discussing the new min-

Miss Keziah had a penchant for min-isters. She had been afflicted with it ever since she was sixteen, when she had begun by making book-marks, slippers, worsted mufflers, and so forth, for an worsted mufflers, and so forth, for an interesting young divinity student who had walked home from prayer-meeting with her every Sunday night, written "How sweet the tie that binds," in her album, and then gone off to Hopkinton and married the Widow Spriggins, whose husband had died in California whose husband had died in California and left her ten thousand dollars.

The were not easy to arrange, she found; she would have liked to have them near her face, but as she wore her front hair hanging in three curls on each about Arthur?

Those were the thoughts that drove to fasten them in. There was nothing to do but to fasten them in. There was nothing to do but to fasten them at one side of the very to pave the way to an in-

and took her off to the South Sea Islands as a missionary, where—it was a slight balm to Miss Keziah's wounded feelings to know—they were both eaten up by cannibals.

The next minister, after accepting her attentions with even more svidity than the others, proved to be already en-gaged. And so it went on, through a long and melancholy list; and yet, at more than fifty, looking back on an array of book-marks; elippers and custards sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart, Miss Keziah was not discouraged.

As for Miss Keziah, she set to work upon a muffler for the Rev. Mr. Leach at once. Of course there wasn't a word of truth in the story of his heart, Miss Keziah was not discouraged. Of late years she had been known to look with favor on some outside of her favorite profession. Matrimony, even if she could not share the holy estate with a minister, was not undesirable in

But, alas! she found the laity as fickle and faithless as the clergy. Saints and sinners were alike insensible to her mature charms. Still, with a zeal and pa-tience worthy of a better cause, did Miss Keziah persevere.

And now, since the Rev. Absalom Leach had been installed as shepherd Leach had been installed as shepherd over the flock at Glover's Corner, she dreadful, snub-nosed, red-haired chilfelt as if the reward of her long waiting dren!" said Kitty to herself irreverenthad come.

The Rev. Absalom was a widower of forty, or thereabouts, very well preserved and good-looking, though of a somewhat doleful aspect, which latter was no drawback in Miss Keziah's estimation, as she thought it made him look more ministerial. He had been settled there but a few weeks, but already Miss Keziah had found in his manner toward

found before for years.

Already she had made and sent him a vanilla custard, rich and sweet beyond all parallel. That housekeeper of his was evidently an ignorant, incapable woman, and probably knew nothing at all about cooking, and everybody knew that intellectual and saintly men like him, who had so much more soul than body, needed to be delicately nurtured. Already she had knit for each of the three sweet, motherless children" a pair of "beautiful warm mittens." Already had the minister taken tea twice at Deacon Knowlton's, and on each occasion a feast fit for the gods had been set before him, all prepared by Miss Keziah's devoted hands. Twice had he walked home from evening meeting with her, absolutely breaking away from Deacon Scudder and old Mr. Larkin, who wanted to talk with him. To be sure, her niece Kizzy (her namesake) was with her, but Kizzy was a giddy creature of nineteen, who did not count, though of course Miss Keziah would have a little preferred to be alone with thought of doing him any honor. the minister; for one reason, because

all the frivolous things she said. He could bear anything from her niece, thought Miss Keziah. Kizzy wished, with all her heart, that

take pity on her, and take her to himself, and that would be "a comfort to the survivors" indeed. For she ruled the house, interfered with all Kizzy's Once securely fastened into her room, love-affairs—and they were not few— and made herself disagreeable generally. Kizzy stuffed her handkerchief into

her mouth, as I said, to keep from laughing outright, while her aunt was telling how her heart bled for the minister, and Mrs. Deacon Scudder tried to hide the twinkle in her eye; Mr DEAREST KIZZY—I send these flowers

"Indeed he does need a wife, said Miss Keziah. "I hope, and I—I think he'll choose a suitable person."

"I heard a report that he was already engaged," said the deacon's

Gracious heaven! had his attentions to her been construed already to mean so much? thought Miss Keziah. A blush actually arose to her withered

cheek. "I-I-am not at liberty to"-she simpered. 41337 "To a very young lady; quite a school-girl, in fact, in the town that he

blazed with anger.

"Oh! I dare say it isn't true. Such reports will get about," said the deacon's wife, soothingly. And then she changed the subject at once by saying to Kizzy:

"I suppose we'll see you at the sociable to-morrow night, my dear!"

"I—I don't know," stammered Kizzy.

"O my dear, I hope you are not going to the dance over at Bockville!" said the deacon's wife, forgetting Miss Keziah altogether, in her earnestness. "Too many of our young people are being led into those worldly frivolities. What could be more delightful than one of our guiet sociables?"

and the curls that she wore on each side of her face were "lovely," though that envious niece—Kizzy of hers, had said they looked like corkscrews, and begged her to put them up.

Hope did not deceive him in telling him that she would wear his violets that night! No, indeed! If flowers did look rather dressy for the sociable, and if they did attract a great deal of attention, what did it matter?

Everybody would know soon! How she would enjoy telling Mrs. Deacon Scudder, who had heard that he was engaged to a chit of a school-girl! "Hateful, envious woman! she had probably

ruiet sociables?"

Kizzy didn't say anything. What could she say, except that she was going could she say, except that she was going to the dance if she could possibly get her father's consent? She wondered if Mrs. Scudder wouldn't rather have gone to a dance than to such a very "orthodox" sociable as theirs was, when she was nineteen! With Arthur when she was nineteen! With Arthur Tayston, too! Could Deacon Scudder to the state of the sociable to the second of the sociable as theirs was, when she was nineteen! With Arthur They were not easy to arrange, she to the dance if she could possibly get her has soon as the shades of evening drew near, Miss Keziah began to dress for the sociable. Time had hever dragged to heavily with her before. She could not wait any longer to try the effect of those violets in her hair.

They were not easy to arrange, she would have liked to have

BY ELI D. AKE.

next student "who supplied" at Glover's She was very thankful when Mrs. Scudder took her leave, and she could susceptibility to shapers and mufflers, and also to custards and cream pies, made by Miss Keziah's own fair hands, dress, and the dainty little white slippers that the other had evinced; and also, which Arthur Lawton said made him also! the same faithlessies! He married Deacon Simpson's daughter Susan, For she had not much doubt about going to the dance. The good deacon had very hard work to deny his pretty, motherless daughter anything; and beside he had had good times in his wouth, and the sound of a fiddle stirred his blood even now. And he never

> the gentleman in black, if Deacon Scudder did. too soon to show her devotion to him. And then she had heard him cough last Sunday night. His precious health must be taken care of.

must be taken care of.

Kizzy wanted to laugh when she saw
Miss Keziah's knitting needles flying as
they never did fly except under some
how many new-comers she flirted with. ministerial inspiration, and a muffler of drab and purple (colors suited to ministerial gravity and dignity) growing with wonderful swiftness under her

"How can she want to marry that

But then Miss Keziah would often say

" How can Kizzy want to marry that ungodly Arthur Lawton, who goes to dances, and wears a blue necktie, and would study law, when his father and mother wanted him to be a minister?" or she would have said that to herself if she had cared enough about Kizzy's her more reason to hope than she had affairs to say anything. The truth found before for years. own matrimonial plans and prospects just now, that she had almost entirely forgotten her niece; for which Kizzy

was truly thankful. As for Kizzy and Mr. Arthur Lawton, she was not sure that she did not wish to marry him, but she was quite sure, that, if he asked her, she should find it rather hard to say no; and she did rath-

er wish he would ask her, too. If that is rather an illogical statement, altogether, it is Kizzy's fault, and not mine. That is precisely the way in which she thought of the matter.
She looked forward to the dance with

considerable fluttering of the heart. For there was the five-mile drive to Rockville, and back, that she and Arthur were to take alone together. A good deal may be said in that time.

The next day was St. Valentine's Day. she remembered. Would Arthur send

Of course it did not even occur to Kizzy was such a wild creature, for a Miss Keziah that it was St. Valentine's deacon's daughter, and thought and Day, until, as she was polishing violets, was "an object of interest" talked so much of dancing, and flirting, the old-fashioned brass knocker of at the sociable, would be "drawing and such things, that Miss Keziah was the door next morning (a duit mildly." For with all her peculiari-dreadfully afraid she would shock the ty in which she delighted, as presenting ties Miss Keziah had never been minister. She was so full of mischief that she would enjoy doing it, Miss Keziah knew. But the minister was very indulgent, and smiled blandly at presented her with a dainty little box. It was directed to "Miss Keziah

Knowlton." Miss Keziah, not Miss Kizzy. No doubt that it was intended for her crossed

her Aunt Keziah would not be such "an old goose," for the whole of Glover's Corner were laughing about her. But what was the good of wishing? Perhaps

With a sudden remembrance that this was St. Valentine's Day, and a thought the Rev. Absalom might be induced to of the new minister. Miss Keziah ran up

Once securely fastened into her room, she opened the box with trembling fin-A beautiful bunch of violets lay within

tried to hide the twinkle in her eye; but, if they had both showed ever so plainly that they wanted to laugh, Miss Keziah would probably have thought them both crazy sooner than that she could be the cause of their mirth.

"I suppose he'll be marrying soon," said Mrs. Scudder. "He really needs somebody to look after him. He looks neglected, poor man!"

Kizzy saw that twinkle still in Mrs. Scudder's eye.

"Indeed he does need a wife, said Miss Keziah."

"I hope and I I think which she unfolded the note.

Mr Dearest Kizzy—I send these flowers as a St. Valentine's offering, hoping they will say for me what I have not dared to say for me what I have not dared to say for me what I have been still in your will wear them to morrow might in your what—I shall know that I may hope. If you do not, I shall try to bear my fate like a man, and trouble you not more. But I cannot believe I shall have so hard a fate as that to bear, that I have been utterly deluded in what I have dared to fancy I could read in your dear eyes! Hope tells me I shall see my violets where I wish to to-night. Yours ever,

"Indeed he does need a wife, said Miss Keziah."

"A I. Absalom Leach!"

" 'A. L.' Absalom Leach!" Miss Keziah actually uttered a shriek of joy, and would have fainted, if only "A. L." had been there that she might have sunk into his arms.

Her mind was so full of the minister that it did not occur to her that those were the initials of any other name.

Not a shade of doubt marred her felicity.

Her hopes had reached their full fruition, the dreams of her life-time had come true, at last! She had a lover, a bona fide lover, and be was a minister! came from."

Oh that dear, sweet letter! Miss Keziah read it over and over again. Her has been spreading such a story as that?" cried Miss Keziah, actually starting out of her chair, while her eyes blazed with anger.

of our gaged to a chit of a school-girl! "Hate-ful, envious woman! she had probably her heart, What made up that story," said Miss Keziah minister in.

and left her ten thousand dollars.

Miss Keziah's young affections were not brighted beyond the possibility of and the new minister ensmall coil-Miss Keziah had a holy hor- ily to pave the way to an in- party when she was ill with a cold.

ror of false hair—at the back of her head. The bunch of violets was much larger than the coil, and the effect was more ludicrous than lovely; but poor Miss Keziah thought that nothing could be more beautiful.

In the meantime Kizzy was dressing terview with her, thought Miss Keziah. Still she would like to hear what he had to say to Kizzy; and she went softly down the stairs, and listened at the parlor door.

"Miss Kizzy, there has been some mistake," said the minister.

more ludicrous than lovely; but poor Miss Kezish thought that nothing could be more beautiful.

In the meantime Kizzy was dressing for the dance, and sighing because she had no flowers to wear, for Glover's Corner did not furnish a large supply of floral treasures in the winter.

Fortunately for her—or at least she thought so—just as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, 'Mandy, the "hired girl," brought her up a cluster of pink sosebuds, freshly plucked could believe that it was an invention of and fragrant.

"Young Dr. James's office brought 'em," said 'Mandy. "They're reg'lar beauties! Dr. James must have robbed his ma's bushes of every blossom, and Mis' James always was a master hand at raisin' roses. I guess' maybe he saved the white ones against the weddin' day!"

Poor Reuben would have been very glad to believe that himself, for he had been in love with her ever since he could remember; but he didn't believe it, and Kizzy didn't either, for she didn't care any more about Reuben than she did about Johnny Flannigan, his office boy. But she liked his roses very much just then, and sent him such a message of then, and sent him such a message of thanks by Johnny Flannigan as almost made up to him for his disappointment in finding her "already engaged" when he asked her to go to the dance with him. Kizzy fastened three of the roses in

her golden braids, and two more in a coquettish little knot of lace at her throat, and ran down-stairs to meet Arthur Lawton, who had come for her.

He looked at the roses in her hair the very first thing.
"Aren't they lovely? Dr. James sent
them to me. Just see how fragrant they
are!" And she held up her head, with
a little coquettish air, for him to smell

of the roses. He turned pale a little, and closed his lips firmly together, with a look of pain.

Was he so jealous as that, of Reuben

James? Kizzy wondered. She had seen
little traces of the feeling in him before,

but not like this. It delighted Kizzy to see that she had so much power over him, and made her more coquettish and teasing than usual -which was unnecessary.

He could not be made to smell the

roses, nor even say that they were pretty; and the gayer Kizzy grew, the colder and more gloomy he became. Such a wretched drive as they had; after all Kizzy's bright anticipations! For of course she wasn't going to try to coax him up if he wanted to be cross.

So she grew very cold and dignified, too, and at the party tried to punish him still more by flirting energetically with the only-too-willing Dr. James. To say that Miss Keziah, with her eccentric in her dress before. She simpered and cast down her eyes when she met the minister. He looked at the

violets—there was no denying that! It was a meaning look, a delighted look, Miss Keziah was sure! But still he did not linger by her side as she had expected; he talked entirely too much to that odious limbs. Anna Leighton, who was such a flirt! Of course he could not be too atten-

tive to her, and cause people to make remarks, before their engagement was publicly announced, still he might have walked home with her; and the spinster went home a little disappointed. But he would come and make it all

right, and everybody could be told, on the morrow, of course. And with this thought Miss Keziah consoled herself. But poor Kizzy had no consolation for her woes. Arthur had been worse than disagreeable, he had been "perfectly savage," after she flirted so openly with Dr. James, and the homeward drive had been taken in almost utter silence.

Kizzy declared that happiness was over for her in this world, and cried herself to sleep. Arthur was going away to New York, and coming back "perhaps next year, perhaps never," she had heard him tell somebody so, at the party. And she might never see him again! Probably he had never cared for her, after all; she had been a vain little fool to imagine it. And he would go away, and she should never see him again! The morrow brought no solace to her grief, nor, alas! to Miss Keziah; for the minister did not come!

What it meant Miss Keziah could not imagine. Had she not smiled sweetly enough upon him? Had he been overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness,

in spite of her wearing the violets?

When three days had passed, and still he had not come, Miss Keziah decided that she had not sufficiently encouraged him, and that he must have expected an answer to his note. Accordingly she wrote and dispatched the following

MY DEAREST MR. LEACH (or shall I, over-coming maidenly shyness, say Absalom?)—I have delayed answering your beautiful letter, thinking you would understand from my giving you the sign you asked, that my heart did throb responsive to your own. Why have you not sought me ere this? Did you need other assurance that I loved you, and that you needed only to name the happy day which should make me all your own Keziah? If so, you will surely now come at once to her who so pines for you. Yours till death,

HEZIAH KNOWLTON. note:

HEZIAH KNOWLTON. On the afternoon of the day on which the letter was sent, the minister might have been seen, with hasty step, and perplexed yet beaming countenance, approaching Deacon Knowlton's house.

Miss Keziah did see him from her window, where she had been on the watch all day.

She tried to calm the flutterings of her heart, while 'Mandy invited the 'Mandy immediately atterward called

"He didn't come to see Kizzy, he came to see me!" said Miss Keziah, with

wrote you a note."

"Well, who said you did?" interrupted straight forward Kizzy.

The minister had evidently prepared a speech, and he meant to give it, in spite of all interruptions.

"But to find that I have won your

heart gives me a great, an unexpected happiness! I will add that I had ventured to think of you as a wife, but if it had not been for this blissful revelation of your feeling toward me I should of course, as a man of honor, have addressed myself first to your natural guardians, your father and your aged and respected and respec and respected aunt." That was too much for Miss Keziah.

That was too much for miss kezian.

The door flew open.

"Aged and respected, indeed! Oh, you perfidious monster!" said Miss Keziah, almost beside herself with rage.

"Didn't I wear your violets?—didn't you say you should dare to hope I did? Where is the love-letter you sent me on Valentine's Day, with the flowers? Let me get it, and show it to all the world! me get it, and show it to all the world!
It shall be read in church-meeting, it shall! Oh, you base deceiver!"
And Miss Keziah rushed upstairs, to

return with the letter and the bunch of withered violets, which she brandished over the minister's head as if it were a tomahawk.

Kizzy caught the letter, enlightened by a sudden suspicion.

"O Aunt Keziah, are you crazy? Where did you get my letter, and my violets! Arthur Lawton sent them! Don't you see his initials?"

Miss Keziah saw. So did the minister. He perceived that if he had been made a fool of, he had also assisted in

the ceremony.

As for Miss Keziah, she made a tableau vivant over which we will draw the curtain. The Rev. Absalom Leach took his hat and departed, a wiser and a sadder

Kizzy kissed the violets, and then kissed Miss Keziah—who didn't respond. The story leaked out-by means of Mandy, it is suspected.

The Rev. Mr. Leach discovered that

the air of Glover's Corner did not agree with him. The story came to Arthur Lawton's ear, and he decided to call on Kizzy before leaving for New York.

And Kizzy wore violets, instead orange-blossoms, at her wedding.

Another unmarried minister is expected at Glover's Corner, and Miss Keziah is finishing the drab and purple muffler.—Ballou's Magazine.

Timely Suggestions as to Diphtheria.

WORD is brought to us from the States to the North that simultaneously with the severe cold came the dreadful scourge of diphtheria. On the high land of Iowa diphtheria been epidemic. Now, I do not know all that this mysterious disease feeds on; but I wish to suggest an explanation of its late prevalence, and add a word of caution and advice. When the temperature is below zero

everything lying upon the surface of the ground, whether in the swamps or on the upland, is frozen solid, and all dead and decaying vegetable and animal matter is bound fast in fetters of ice. No poisonous germs or noxious gases are then borne on the frigid air. Diphtheria finds its food and nourishment within the house. The severer the cold, the closer the openings are kept shut, and the more rigidly is the pure external air excluded. This is apparently rendered necessary by the small heating apparatus in most country houses. The result of almost no houses. The result of almost no ventilation is excessively foul air. Air which has been breathed once is saturated with moisture and poisoned with carbonic acid. When you add to the air thus vitlated the products of the combustion of lamps and candles (which is steam and more carbonic acid) and the noisome air from unventilated, undrained and often filthy cellars, carefully banked and caulked to keep out the cold, you have a mixture which closely represents the indoor atmosphere of many a house in severely cold weather. Living for days and sometimes for weeks in such an sometimes for weeks in such an atmosphere, which furnishes scant oxygen to purify the blood and little ability to relieve the lungs of moisture, not to speak of gases positively harmful, is it a wonder that the women and children become pale and weak? that their throats, where the evil influences are first and most keenly felt, show symptoms of disease, and that with diminished vital energies they fall an easy prey to diphtheria?

The reason why it prevails so extensively is that the same causes produce at all points the same effects. Relief can come only with fresh air and pure blood. With good ventilation (which includes the introduction of pure air, as well as the removal of the foul) the noxious gases of the sitting and sleep-ing rooms, which ought to be kept at a minimum, may be so diluted and car-ried off that they do the system no

harm.

If, now, I am correct in my theory of the main cause of diphtheria during the severe cold, the way of prevention would seem to be easy. In the first place keep your houses and cellars clean and wholesome. If poisonous gases are produced at any point, provide means for conducting them immediately out of the house; and secondly, admit fresh air. If this would make your rooms too cold, remember that a great many people may occupy a small room safely if it is well ventilated, while a few in a large but tight room would in a short if it is well ventilated, while a few in a large but tight room would in a short time suffer for air. To make rooms large and high for ventilation merely i. a mistake; they need just as much fresh air to keep them pure as do smaller rooms, the occupants being the same. Moreover, cold is not as bad as poison, and woolens may in the end be cheaper than fuel.—Prof. C. M. Woodward, in St. Louis Republican. Louis Republican.

A LITTLE girl only ten years old in

SCIENCE AND INDUSES An ingenius Frenchman has inven-machine which makes real lace. is said to be as great an invention way as the Jacquard loom. One chine can do the work of several dred lace-makers.

THE planetary discoveries of 11 were eight in number, five of wh were made by Herr Palisa, Director the Observatory at Pols. The last was discovered Sept. 80, and raised the total number of known small planets to 219.

The physiologist Leo Baltzer has lately excavated from the alluvial stratum of the Steigerthal, near Nordhausen, Germany, the skeleton of an antedituvian rhinoceros in an excellent state of preservation. ervation. The height of the animal must have been seven feet, and its bulk nearly that of an African elephant.

EXPERIMENTS by Prof. Cohn, of Bree-lan, with the electric light show that lettern, spots and colors are seen at a much greater distance through the mo-dium of electric light than by day or gas light. The sensation of yellow was in-creased sixty fold as compared with day-light, of red six fold, and blue two fold; showing that the electric light would be very useful where it is necessary to ob-serve signals at a great distance.

Almost every day brings some new application of electricity to the useful arts. Dr. Siemens has designed an electric elevator, which has been exhibited at the Mannheim Industrial Fixhibition, and is said to be a useful invention. The cage is carried by wire ropes, having counter weights, so that, when loaded, it is practically in equilibrium. The current generator at the base is electrically connected to the dynamomachine in the cage, and the latter works two toothed wheels taking into a metal rack running up the center of the passage way of the elevator.

COTTON-PICKING by machinery has long been a dream of the Southern planters. The risk of planting revolves about the picking season. The bolls open irregularly, but they must be plucked when they are at a certain stage of ripeness, or be lost in whole or part. S. R. Cockerill, Vice President of the Mississippi Valley Planters' Association, believes he has arrived at a solution of the problem. He says that it is a fact that the bolls will continue to ripen and open in due time if the plant is cut up by the roots and stacked. There is no practical difficulty in separating the cotton from the boll by machinery, if the stalks can be gathered and fed at one time. The apparatus for this process has been invented and works well. But everything depends on the truth of Mr. Cockerill's assertion that cotton in its last stages will ripen in the stack.

## The Crown-jewels of France.

FOR ten years France has been ruled by crownless heads. Public opinion de-clares that it is not seemly that the Pres-ident of a Republic should wear anything more ornamental than a silk hat. Mean-while, the ancient jewels which adorned the diadems of French Kings and Emperors in other days, have been gathering dust in a huge safe, in a building called the "Garde-Meuble," on the Qual d'Orsay, in Paris. Now these gems are, as may be guessed, of very great value.
Their worth is variously estimated. It is certain that they are worth at least a million dollars; and if the splendid Pitt diamond is reckoned among them, their value can scarcely be less than three

The Republican authorities, it appears, have come to the conclusion that France will have no more need of crowns or crown-jewels; that Kings and Queens have been dispensed with forever; and that it is not necessary to keep the royal regalia, which are no longer destined to blaze in the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries, or to be paraded through the streets of Paris in governous royal processions. of Paris in gorgeous royal processions. In a word, it has been decided to sell these crown-jewels, and with the goodly sums thus realized to endow and furnish museums for the recreation of the

nish museums for the recreation of the people.

From a sentimental point of view, it seems a pity that these historic gems should be thus scattered to the four winds. We like to see and scrutinize what has been worn by, famous historic characters; and these jewels have adorned the brows of two Louis, of the first Napoleon, and of Marie Antoinette. Several of them are very celebrated precious stones. The Pitt diamond, for instance, is the fourth diamond in size in the world. It was bought in India, two centuries ago, by Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham; and was sold by him for over half a million of dollars to the French Regent Orleans, who had it set in a crown for the rosy-cheeked infant King, Louis XV. The First Napoleon had it set in the hilt of his sword; and it reappeared in the crown of the last French sovereign who was ever formally crowned—the unfortunate Charles the Tenth. Another famous stone among the crown jewels is the Sancy diamond; while a certain circlet of Oriental pearls appears among them, worth, it is said, one hundred thousand dollars.

It is probably wise and prudent to sell these jewels and convert their value into practical use. As a matter of fact, they have been stored away for over fifty years. Neither of the two last

they have been stored away for over fifty years. Neither of the two last sovereigns of France—Louis Phillips and Napoleon the Third—was ever crowned. Neither of them, it is crowned. Neither of them, it is thought, dared to go through the ceremony of coronation, for fear of a popular outbreak, and it is certain that neither was ever seen to wear a royal diadem on any State occasion.

The Government will not find it hard perhaps to sell even the magnificent Pitt diamond. There is more than one

Pitt diamond. There is more than one potentate rich enough to buy it, even at a million; and there will be lively bidding for it by royal bidders.

The French Republic has little reverence for history or historical associations, especially those relating to the crowned tyrants of the ration; and with the crown-jewels will pass away almost the last visible vestige of the days of monarchy and empire. The Tuileries is in ruins; St. Cloud no longer exists; the Palais Royal is a bazaar, and the Luxembourg a picture-gallery. and the Luxembourg a picture-gallery.
The crown-jewels converted into popular museums will only be one more transfer of monarchial luxuries to the new sovereign of France—the people.—

Youth's Companion.